

#786

Conf Pam #786
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The Southern Matron to her Son.

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AIR—"Oh No, My Love, No."

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I weep, as I leave you, with bitter emotion,
Yet view me in kindness, refraining from blame ;
My tears are the tribute of anxious devotion,
I would not withhold thee from duty and fame.
When thy country in peril has called thee to aid her—
Though my heart, may in parting, with sadness overflow.
Yet undaunted go forth to meet the invader,
I would not detain you, oh no, my love, no !

To the march and the battle—all heedless of danger.
Be enduring and firm, and the foremost in fight ;
For the fair sunny South, meet the hirling and stranger.
And strike for thy country, thy home, and the right.
Away to the combat, lest liberty perish,
And proudly lead on in the charge on the foe ;
The fame of their soldier the rescued shall cherish.
They could not forget you, oh no, my love, no !

The cheek may be pale and the eye dimmed with sorrow.
When the converse and view of the loved are denied
From our cause, and thy conduct I comfort shall borrow ;
I may grieve, but my grief will be tempered by pride—
For the brow of the hero, the laurel is braiding.
And blessings and praises the land shall bestow—
Thou soon shalt return decked with glory unfading.
I will not detain you, oh no, my love, no !

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